



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD III.

TRAGEDY.



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Shakespeare M
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BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON,

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1844.

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Dramatis Personæ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, }
 afterwards Edward V. } Sons to Edward IV.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, brother to Edward IV.
 afterwards King Richard III.
Cardinal, Archbishop of York.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk. Earl of Surrey.
Marquis of Dorset, son to Queen Elizabeth.
Earl RIVERS, brother to the Queen.
Lord GRAY, son to Queen Elizabeth.
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
Bishop of Ely.
Lord HASTINGS.
Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.
Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE.
Lord LOVEL.
CATESEY.
Sir JAMES TYRREL.
THOMAS, Lord STANLEY.
Earl of Oxford.
BLOUNT.
HERBERT.
Sir WILLIAM BRANDON.
BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.
Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest.
Lord Mayor.

ELISABETH, Queen of Edward IV.
Queen MARGARET, widow of Henry VI.
ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.
Duchess of York, mother to Edward IV. Clarence and Richard III.
Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III. with Soldiers and other Attendants.

The SCENE in England.

KING RICHARD III.
THE
LIFE AND DEATH*
OF
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter RICHARD Duke of Gloucester solus.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

* This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this Prince, comprises at most but the last eight years of his time: for it opens with George Duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworthfield, which battle was fought on the 22d of August in the year 1485. *Thetvald.*

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,

To strut before a wanton-ambuling nymph;

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;

And that so lamely and unfashionably,

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:

Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time,

Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,

And descant on mine own deformity.

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,

To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

I am determin'd to prove a villain,

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,

To set my brother Clarence and the King

In deadly hate the one against the other,

By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams.

And, if King Edward be as true and just,

As I am subtle, false and treacherous,

This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,

About a prophesy which says, that G

Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

—Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE guarded, with BRAKENBURY,

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,

Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed

This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your godfathers.
Belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophesies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be.

And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. Hy Heav'n, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred; and night-walking heralds
That trudge between the King and Mistress Shore:
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty,
I'll tell you what;—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me and—

His Majesty hath straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glou. Ev'n so, an't please your Worship? Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say :

We speak no treason, man—we say the King
Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble Queen
Well strook in years ; fair, and not jealous—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue ;
That the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolk.
How say you, Sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myself have nought
to do.

Glou. What, fellow, nought to do with Mistress Shore ?
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord ?

Glou. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me ?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conference with the duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glou. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell ; I will unto the King ;
And whatso'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleases neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliver you, or else ly for you ;
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce ; farewell. [*Exeunt Brak. Clar.*

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return :
Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If Heav'n will take the present at our hands.
—But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glou. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain :
Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as pris'ners must ;
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home ;
The King is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by St Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he ? in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit Hastings,

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
'Till George be pack'd with post-haste up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments :
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What tho' I kill'd her husband and her father ?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father :
The which will I, not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 —But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Street.

Enter the corse of HENRY the Sixth, with halberds to guard it, Lady ANNE being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
 If honour may be shrouded in a herse ;
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 —Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes !
 Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
 And That be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young Lord and thee !
 —Come now tow'rd's Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there.

And still as you are weary of this weight,

Rest you, while I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter RICHARD *Duke of Gloucester.*

Glou. Stay you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by St Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or by St Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

—Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curs'd.

Anne. Foul devil! for God's sake hence, trouble us
not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

Oh, Gentlemen, see! see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death,
Or Heav'n with lightning strike the murd'rer dead,
Or earth gape open wide, and eat him quick;

As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are; and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Margaret
saw

Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'd on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.—

Glou. The fitter for the King of Heav'n, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bedchamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest!

Glou. So will it, Madam, till I ly with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so.— But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method;
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could not endure sweet Beauty's
wreck:

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheared by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ersshade thy day, and death thy
life!

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature: thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit
at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

—Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes which never shed remorseful tear,
Not when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

Act I. KING RICHARD III. 17

My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

For kissing, Lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry;

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;

But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I with thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with thy word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say then my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[She puts on the ring.]

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

18 KING RICHARD III. ACT I.

Ev'n so thy breast encloseth my poor heart :
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glou. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner ;
And presently repair to Crosby-place :
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey-monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Traffell and Barkley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble Lord ?

Glou. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What ! I that kill'd her husband, and his father !
To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks :
And yet to win her—All the world to nothing !
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature,
 Young, wise, and valiant, and no doubt right loyal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford:—
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That crop'd the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her widow to a woeful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while;
 Upon my life she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marv'llous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter the QUEEN, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GRAY.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there's no doubt his
 Majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms,

23 KING RICHARD III. Act I.

Gray. The Heav'ns have blest'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Glo'ster;
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Gray. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess of Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,

To your good pray'r will scarcely say Amen:
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of Glo'ster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

ACT I. KING RICHARD III. 25

Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never be—

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Glo'ster, you mistake the matter:
The King of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo'ster,

You envy my advancement and my friends :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you !

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glou. You may deny too that you were the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for——

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers——why, who knows
not so ?

She may do more, Sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not ? she may——ay, marry may she——

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glou. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam had a worser match.——

Queen. My Lord of Glo'ster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By Heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England's Queen.——

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the King? Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said, I will avouch in presence of the King. 'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember thee too well: Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower, And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glou. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king, I was a packhorse in his great affairs; A weeder out of his proud adversaries, A liberal rewarder of his friends; To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Gray Were factious for the house of Lancaster; And, Rivers, so were you;—was not your husband, In Marg'ret's battle, at St Albans slain? Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere now, and what you are: Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick, Ay, and foreswore himself, which, Jesu, pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown; And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up: I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine; I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world, Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King.
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glou. If I should be !—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof !

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless,
I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me ;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?
If not that I being queen, ye bow like subjects ;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me ; [To Glou.
And thou a kingdom ; [To the Queen.] all of you al-
legiance :

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;
His curses then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee,
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse so much prevail with Heav'n,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter Heav'n?

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your King;

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward, our son, that was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self;

Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death.

And, after many length'ned hours of grief,

Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If Heav'n's have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe;

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends :
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of Nature, and the son of Hell !
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

Glou. Margaret——

Q. Mar. Richard.——

Glou. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy, then ! for I did think
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
 Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
 yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my
 fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?
 Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself :
 The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
 To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse ;
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd
 mine.

Riv. Were you well-serv'd, you would be taught
 your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
 Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects :
 O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert ;
 Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glou. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glou. Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest.

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, so be it lost !

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble House !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom-tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, Death, and Hell, have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil, that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor Marg'ret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to God's! [Exit.]

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Dorf. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glou. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever, being well-advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.]

Enter CATESBY.

Catesb. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

Queen. Catesby, we come; Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad.
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls,
Namely to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed ?

Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate ;
Talkers are no good doers : be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes
drop tears.

I like you, lads—about your business—go. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord ? I pray you
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling
Struck me, that sought to stay him, over-board
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this fore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was length'n'd after life.
O then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,

ACT I. KING RICHARD III. 31

Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am, afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
—I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good
rest!

[Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter the two MURDERERS.**1 Vil.* Ho, who's there?*Brak.* In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st thou hither?*2 Vil.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.*Brak.* What, so brief?*1 Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission, and talk no more.*Brak. reads.]* I am in this commanded to deliver The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the keys. I'll to the King, and signify to him, That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.*1 Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury.]**2 Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?*1 Vil.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.*2 Vil.* When he wakes? why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.*1 Vil.* Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.*2 Vil.* The urging of that word, Judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.*1 Vil.* What? art thou afraid?*2 Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.*1 Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of Glo'ster, and tell him so.*2 Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.*1 Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?*2 Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of Glo'ster's purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot ly with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 Vil. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Vil. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak?

—Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to, —

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. Ye scarcely have the hearts to tell me so;
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 Vil. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 Vil. Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth out of a world of men;
To slay the innocent; what's my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest hath given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Vil. What we will do, we do upon command:

2 Vil. And he that hath commanded is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder; will you then

Spurn at his edict; and fulfil a man's?

Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Vil. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Vil. And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break thy vow ; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant, springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me :

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Glo'ster,

Who will reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'ster hates
you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other :

He little thought of this divided friendship.

Bid Glo'ster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest :—you deceive yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Vil. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you must die, my
Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 Vil. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murd'rers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my distress. —

1 Vil. Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Vil. Look behind you, my Lord.

1 Vil. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]
I'll drown you in the malmsy-butt within. [Exit.]

2 Vil. A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd!
—How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first VILLAIN.

1 Vil. How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st
me not?

By Heav'n the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 Vil. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

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For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [Exit.

I Vil. So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.
—Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King EDWARD sick, the QUEEN, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, CATESBY, BUCKINGHAM, and WOODVILLE.

K. EDWARD.

WHY, so!—Now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred; swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven my soul is purg'd from grudging
hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this,
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

D

Queen. There, Hastings.—I will never more remember

Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him.—Hastings, love Lord Marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love

[*To the Queen.*

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile
Be he to me! This do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Glo'ster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER, with RATCLIFF.

Glow. Good morrow to my Sovereign.—King and Queen,

And princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glow. A blessed labour, my most sovereign Liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe ; if I unwittingly
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;
 Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
 Of you, Lord Woodville ; and Lord Scales, of you,
 Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter ;
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded !
 —My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows
 he is ?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good Lord : and no man in the presence,
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead !—The order was revers'd.

Glou. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear :
 Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant that some less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve no worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou requestest?

Stan. The forfeit, Sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, Dear brother, live, and be a king?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind:
But when your carters, or your waiting vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon—
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, spoke unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

Act II. KING RICHARD III. 41

—O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

—Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!

Poor Clarence!

[Exeunt some with the King and Queen.]

Glow. These are the fruits of rashness. Mark'd you
not,

How that the guilty kindred of the Queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's death?

O! they did urge it still unto the King.

God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go

To comfort Edward with our company? *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

*Enter the DUCHESS of YORK, with the two Children
of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your
breast?

And cry—O Clarence! my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love
you well.

Incapable and shallow innocents!

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glo'ster
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him ;
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek,
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the QUEEN with her hair about her ears, RIVERS
 and DORSET after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.—

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy son, our King is dead.
 Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
 As I had title to thy noble husband.
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd by looking on his images.
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left:
 But Death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To over-go thy 'plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for
our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints;
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I.
Alas! you three on me, threefold-distress'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt
Which, with a bounteous hand, was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with Heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son; send straight for him;

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Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

S C E N E III.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, *and* RATCLIFF.

Glou. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
I did not see you.——Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glou. Amen, and make me die a good old man!——
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love ;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buck-
ingham ?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the state is yet ungovern'd,
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself.

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As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
—Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll fort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet;—my dear Cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Street near the court.

Enter one CITIZEN at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good-morrow, neighbour, whither away so
fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady ; seldom comes a better.
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another CITIZEN.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good-morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
Which in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends, God
wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel ; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all :

For emulation who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the Duke of Glo'ster ;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud ;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be
well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well; but if God fort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear;
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's mind mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see,
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the Justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Court.

Enter ARCHBISHOP of York, the young DUKE of
York, the QUEEN, and the DUCHESS of York.

Arch. I heard they lay the last night at Northampton,
At Stony Stratford they do rest to-night;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear not; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? It is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo'ster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A per'lous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

Duch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mess. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are sent to Pom-
fret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ster and Buckingham.

Queen. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why or for what the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne;

Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days !
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tofs'd,
For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss.
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self. O most preposterous
And frantic outrage ! end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
—Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep ; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours !
—Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In London.

*The trumpets sound. Enter Prince of WALES, the
Dukes of GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, Arch-
bishop, with others.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME sweet Prince, to London, to your
chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear Cousin, my thought's sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

E

Prince. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit,
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they
were none.

Glou. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet
you.

Enter LORD MAYOR.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you
all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fy, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our mother
come?

Hof. On what occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fy, what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace,
Persuade the Queen, to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord;
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once:
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Glo'ster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glow. Where it seems best unto your royal self:
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively, from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
[*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glou. I say, without characters fame lives long.
—Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize: two meanings in one word. [*Aside.*]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
—I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glou. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.
[*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and ARCHBISHOP.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The Princee my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glou. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glou. He may command me as my Sovereign ;
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this your dagger.

Glou. My dagger, little Cousin ? with all my heart.

Princee. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ? O, that's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then I see you'll part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord ?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glou. How ?

York. Little.

Princee. My Lord of York will still be crosse in talk.
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me :

Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glou. My Lord, will't please you pass along ?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

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York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

—But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt. Oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come, Catesby, thou art
sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make Lord William Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this. Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons;
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glou. Commend me to Lord William; tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mrs Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Catesb. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Catesb. You shall, my Lord.

Glou. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit Catesby.]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do.
And look, when I am king, claim thou of me—
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that, afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Before Lord Hastings's House.**Enter a MESSENGER to the door of HASTINGS.**Mess.* My Lord, my Lord, —*Hast. within.]* Who knocks?*Mess.* One from Lord Stanley.*Hast.* What is't o'clock?*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.*Enter Lord HASTINGS.**Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?*Mess.* So it appears, by what I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?*Mess.* Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dream'd the Boar had ras'd off his helm.

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him tow'rd's the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord:

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby,

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance;

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the Boar before the Boar pursues,

Were to incense the Boar to follow us,

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble Lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the
crown?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you—
—For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the Boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Catesby.

You may jest on, but by the holy rood
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My Lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure:
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we tow'rd the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot ye what
my Lord?

To-day the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They for their truth might better wear their
heads,

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

—But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.]

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Pursf. The better that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou met'st me last, where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Pursf. God hold it to your Honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.

[Throws him his purse.]

Pursf. I thank your Honour. *[Exit Pursuivant.]*

Enter a PRIEST.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[He whispers.]

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need a priest,
Your Honour hath no thriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not,
[Aside.]

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, with Halberds, carrying Lord RIVERS, Lord RICHARD GRAY, and Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN, to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this;
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death:
And for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now, Marg'ret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.
As for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, Gray; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace.

Farewell, until we meet again in heav'n. [*They embrace.*
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *Bishop of ELY.* CATESBY, LOVEL, *with Others, at a table.*

Hast. Now, noble Peers, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine.
—Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein;
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glou. My noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part;
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder.

His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

—My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holbourn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

—Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.

[*Exit Glou. and Buck.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he's offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence,
To doom th' offenders. Whosoever they be,
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord—

Glou. If!—thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs?—Thou art a traitor.
—Off with his head. Now, by St Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same;
Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Manent LOVEL and CATESBY with the Lord
HASTINGS.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me!
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the Boar did raze our helms,
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
—O now I need the priest that spake to me.
—I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch. The Duke would be
at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Low. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard ! miserable England !
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head ;
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Tower Walls.

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, Cousin, can'st thou quake and change
thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glou. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.
Lord Mayor. —

Enter Lord MAYOR, attended.

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent——

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and CATESBY with HASTINGS's head.

Glou. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
traitor——

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the councilhouse,
To murder me and my good Lord of Glo'ster?

Mayor. What!—had he so?

Glou. What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded;

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, we would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and tim'rously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons,
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good Lord, your Grace's word shall
serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the cenſures of the carping world.

Buck. But, ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend.
And ſo, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glou. Go after, after, Couſin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt;
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of Edward's children.
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for ſaying he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which by the ſign thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye or ſavage heart
Without controul luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon;

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Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off:
Because, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord. I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go: and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[Exit Buckingham.]

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw:
Go thou to Friar Peuker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt Lov. and Cates. severally.]

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order that no sort of person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [Exit Glou.]

Enter a SCRIVENER.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord
Hastings,

Which in a set hand fairly is ingross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free at liberty.

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Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors.

Glou. How now, how now, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did, with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th' unsatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got your father then in France,
And his resemblance being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them that did love their country's good,
Cry, God save Richard, England's royal King.

Glou. And did they so?

Buck. No; so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale;

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the May'r, what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, except by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, God save King Richard!
And thus I took the 'vantage of those few :

Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applause and chearful shout
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard.

And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would they
not speak?

Will not the Mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my Lord :
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant ;
And be not easily won to our requests ;
Play the maid's part, still answer *nay*, and take it.

Glou. I go : and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say *nay* to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Exit Glou.*

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord MAYOR and Citizens.

—Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here ;
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Buck. Catesby, what says your Lord to my request?

Catesb. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our gen'ral good,
Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight. *[Exit.]*

Buck. Ah, ah! my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the sov'reignty thereof!
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield his Grace should say
us nay!

Buck. I fear he will; here Catesby comes again.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him.
By Heav'n, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

[Exit Catesby.]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOUCESTER above, between two Bishops;
CATESBY returns.*

Mayor. See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And see, a book of prayer in his hand :
True ornaments to know a holy man.
—Famous Plantagenet ! most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My Lord, there needs no such apology ;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Ev'n that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord ; would it might please
your Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock.
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion ;
 Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land,
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain,
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consoled with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glou. I cannot tell if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 For not to answer, you might, haply, think
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me :
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then, in speaking, not incur the last,
 Definitely thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need.

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of Majesty,
And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your
Grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract'd to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to that vow;
And afterward, by substitute, betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity,
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord; your citizens entreat
you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
 I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal
 Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
 (As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally, indeed, to all estates),
 Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house;
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

—Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Catesb. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their
 suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glou. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

—Call them again; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

—Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
 Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden whether I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load:
 But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this,

Mayor. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will
 say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glou. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. to the clergymen.] Come, let us to our holy
work again.

—Farewell, my cousin; farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

*Enter the Queen, Duchess of YORK, and Marquis of
DORSET, at one door; ANNE Duchess of GLOU-
CESTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET,
CLARENCE's young Daughter, at the other.*

DUCHESS.

WHO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ster?
Now for my life she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to meet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the LIEUTENANT.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
—Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Lieu. Right well.—Dear Madam, by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King! who's that?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother. I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Lieutenant.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair Queens.

—Come, Madam, you must strait to Westminster,

[To the Duchefs of Gloucester.

There to be crowned Richard's royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer. Mother, how fares your
Grace?

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence;
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip Death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughterhouse,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Marg'ret's curse;
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your council, Madam.
—Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, 'would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die ere men can say, *God save the Queen!*

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour with thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish; “Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
“For making me, so young, so old a widow!
“And when thou wed'st, let Sorrow haunt thy bed;
“And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
“More miserable by the life of thee,
“Than thou hast made me by my dear Lord's death!”
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.

Beside, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond; and good fortune
guide thee! [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possess thee!

[To the Queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest ly with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom Envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude rugged nurse! old sullen play-fellow.

For tender princes; use my babies well!

So foolish Sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Court.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter GLOUCESTER as King,
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart—Cousin of Buckingham—

Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high by thy ad-
vice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed.

Young Edward lives—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but Edward lives——

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live—true, noble Prince!—

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

—Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your Grace immediately. *[Exit Buck.*

Cates. The King is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with confid'rate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy,——

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is Tirrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither.

[Exit Boy.]

—The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,

The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.

Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look how thou dream'st—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die.

About it; for it stands me much upon

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit Catesby.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! but I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Enter TIRREL.

Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this eye.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed? *[He takes him aside.]*

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord. *[He kneels.]*

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

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Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tirrel——

Go, by this token——rise, and lend thine ear——

[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so,——say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it strait.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son. Well, look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' Earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me——Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A King perhaps——

Buck. My Lord.

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldom——

K. Rich. Richmond! when I was last at Exeter,
The Mayor in curtesy shewed me the castle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My Lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. But what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a jack, thou keep'st the
stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein.
[Exit.]

Buck. Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and begone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter TIRREL.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, (quoth Dighton), lay the gentle babes;—
Thus, thus, (quoth Forrest), girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,

Which once (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my mind;
 But, oh! the devil—there the villain stopp'd,
 When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
 That from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd—
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
 They could not speak, and so I left them both,
 To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tirrel—am I happy in thy news?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then;
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tirrel?

Tir. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tirrel, soon, soon after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Mean-time, but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
 And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
 Now, for I know the Briton Richmond aims
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesb. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
 bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; Morton is fled to Richmond.

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull Delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd Beggary.
Then fiery Expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King.
Go, muster men; my council is my shield,
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death.
Here in these confines flyly have I lurk'd
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret! Who comes here?

Enter the Duchefs of YORK and QUEEN.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

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Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf ?

Why didst thou sleep when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we !

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him :
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
-kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath creep'd

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death ;

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handy-work

Thy womb let loose, to chace us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan !

H

Duch. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither ; but at hand, at hand,
Insues his piteous and unpitied end ;
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray for
vengeance.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say the dog is dead !

Queen. Oh ! thou didst prophesy the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul hunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant ;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art :

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of Justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke,
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou, well-skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is;
 Bett'ring thy loss make the bad causer worse:
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull; O! quicken them with
 thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [Exit Margaret.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Duch. If so they be not tongue-ty'd. Go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum within.*

I hear his drum, be copious in exclams.

S C E N E V.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hide'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence,

And little Ned Plantagenet his son?

Queen. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Gray?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the Heav'n hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

—Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,

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God knows in anguish, pain, and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No; by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that call'd
your Grace:

To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in thy sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
—Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So——

Duch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance;
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight,
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end!
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me. I say Amen to her.

[Going.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.
Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
 For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
 Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
 Throw over her the veil of infamy;
 So she may live unscar'd from bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
 My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
 If Grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins!

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
 Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
 Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
 Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
 No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
 To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
 But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
 And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
 And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
Lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it.
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endue a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter from thy
soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her
King?

K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her Queen; who else
should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. Rich. Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour,

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay, then indeed she cannot chuse but hate
thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doating title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Ev'n of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow,
Your children were vexations to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss you have, is but a son being king,
 And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity.
 The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother.
 Again shall you be mother to a king;
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see.
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What, were I best to say her father's brother
 Would be her Lord? or shall I say her uncle?
 Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, in-
treats——

Queen. That at her hands which the King's King
forbids.

K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queen——

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, Ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heav'n and Nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, and her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;

Harp on it shall I, till my heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is
past.

Now by my George, my garter, and my crown——

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing; for this is no oath.

The George profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

The garter blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world——

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death——

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself.

Queen. Thyself thyself misusest.

K. Rich. Why then, by Heav'n——

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with Heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with Heav'n,
Th' imperial metal circling now thy head
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpass'd.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound,
Heaven and Fortune bar my happy hours,
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so),

Be the attorney of my love to her ;
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself.

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
 Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
 Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kifs, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* Exit *Queen.*

—Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

S C E N E VI.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
 Norfolk ;

Ratcliff, thyself ; or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

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K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither; post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither—Dull unmindful villain,
[To Catesby.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go.

[Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd—

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad.
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?

I

And who is England's King, but great York's heir?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me! what do they in the North,

When they should serve their sov'reign in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.

Please it your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,

Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst fain be gone, to join with Richmond;

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind

Your son George Stanley: look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you!

[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My gracious sov'reign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Guildfords are in arms,
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham——

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? *[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

Mess. The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party; he, mistrusting them,
Hoist'd sail, and made his course for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms,

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty pow'r landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away tow'rds Salisbury: while we reason
here

A royal battle might be won and lost.

Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Lord STANLEY, and Sir CHRISTOPHER
URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;
That in the sty of this most bloody bear,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head:
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley.
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth;
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V SCENE I.

Salisbury.

Enter a Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, (with halberts), led to execution.

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Gray, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice;
If that your moody, discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold the present hour,
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction.
This is All-souls day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why, then All-souls day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this All-souls day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters bosoms.
Thus Marg'ret's curse falls heavy on my head.

When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Marg'ret was a prophetess.

Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff and Officers.*]

S C E N E II.

*Tamworth, on the borders of Leicestershire.
A Camp.*

*Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT,
and Others, with Drum and Colours.*

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lyes now ev'n in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn;
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for
fear,

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

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Rich. All for our 'vantage.—Then, in God's name;
march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD in arms, with NORFOLK, SURREY, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk——

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I ly to-night;

But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that.

—Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account;

Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent. Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the 'vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction;

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of Bosworth Field.

Enter RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and DORSET.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
and, by the bright tract of his fiery car,

Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

—Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
The Earl of Pembroke keep his regiment.

—Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning,
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

—Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his quarters much,
Which well I am assur'd I have not done,
His regiment lyes half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Rich. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
—In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the Tent.]

SCENE changes back to King Richard's Tent.

*Enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, and
CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cates. It's supper time, my Lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Catesby—

Catesb. My Lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine—give me a watch—

[To Ratcliff.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy,
Ratcliff—

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

—There, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent.
And help to arm me.—Leave me now, I say. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes back to Richmond's Tent.

Enter STANLEY to RICHMOND, Lords, &c.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Rich. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from my mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-stareing war.
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's fight.
Farewell. The leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu. Be valiant, and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber poize me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.

—Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richm.*]

—O thou whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*]

S C E N E V.

*Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond ;
they sleeping.*

Enter the GHOST of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[*To K. Rich.*]

Think how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury ; therefore despair and die.
—Be chearful, Richmond, for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf. [*To Richm.*]
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the GHOST of King Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K. Rich.*]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower and me ; despair and die ;
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
—Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror. [*To Richm.*]
Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep : live thou and flourish.

Enter the GHOST of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*To K. Rich.*

I that was wash'd to death in fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair and die.
—Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To Richm.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live and flourish.

Enter the GHOSTS of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret. Despair, and die.

Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.

[*To K. Rich.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance. Richard, despair and die.

[*To K. Rich.*

All. Awake ! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day.

[*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord HASTINGS.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days. [*To K. Rich.*
Think on Lord Hastings ; and despair and die.
—Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [*To Richm.*
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

Enter the GHOSTS of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower,

[*To K. Rich.*

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death,

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Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

—Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy.

[To Richm.]

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings.—

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the GHOST of Anne his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

[To K. Rich.]

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die.

—Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.

Dream of success and happy victory; [To Richm.]

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the GHOST of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown,

[To K. Rich.]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

O in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and death;

Fainting, despair; despairing yield thy breath.

—I dy'd for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

[To Richm.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,

And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. K. Richard starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse——bind up my wounds——

Have mercy, Jesu.—Soft, I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh!

K

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What? do I fear myself? there's none else by;
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murd'rer here? no—yes, I am.
 Then fly—what, from myself? Great reason; why?
 Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?
 I love myself. Wherefore, for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well—Fool, do not flatter,
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a several tale,
 And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree.
 Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, all crying, *guilty! guilty!*
 I shall despair—there is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My Lord.—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear—

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day: come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter the LORDS to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Rich. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! Victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Rich. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The pray'rs of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him.

A base foul stone made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy;
 Then if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice 'ward you as his soldiers.
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You'll sleep in peace the tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire:
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors:
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards; draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share, his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
 God and St George! Richmond, and victory!

S C E N E VII.

Enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said Surrey
 then?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' th' right, and so indeed it is.

—Tell the clock there—*[Clock strikes.]*—Give me a
 kalendar.

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the
 book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.
A black day it will be to some body.

Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
—Not shine to-day? Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle,—caparison my horse.
—Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and St George to boot!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.

—This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

Jocky of Norfolk be not so bold, [Reads.
For Diccon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.

—Go, gentlemen; go, each man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law,
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
 If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal ;
 A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, runaways ;
 A scum of Britons, and base lacquey-peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest :
 You having lands, and blest'd with beauteous wives,
 They would distraint the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost ?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not those bastard Britons, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd ;
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? ly with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ? — Hark, I hear their drum.
[Drum afar off.]
 Fight, gentlemen of England ; fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ;
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power ?
Mess. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy hath pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue! re-
scue!

The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger!
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
—Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarm. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

—A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarms. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND: they fight: RICHARD is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,

The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee:

Lo, here these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heav'n, say Amen to all!
But tell me, first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my Lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the Lord Ferris,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red.
Smile, Heav'n, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The sons, compell'd, been butchers to their fires;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and fair prosp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord !
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood.
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are stop'd, Peace lives agen ;
That she may long live here, God, say Amen !

[*Exeunt* *.]

* This is one of the most celebrated of our Author's performances ; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied : but some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. *Johnson.*

END OF KING RICHARD III.

The first success of the royal family
in their efforts to bring about a
change in the royal family was
the birth of the Prince of Wales
in 1842. The Prince of Wales
was born on 21st June 1842
at the Palace of St James.
He was the first son of the
Prince of Wales and the
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